

THE AMERICAN UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

No. IX.] MONDAY, APRIL 3, 1797. [VOL. II.

(Embellished with a View of the City of Algiers.)

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TO OUR
READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.


OUR SUBSCRIBERS need not be informed, that the FOUNTS OF NEW TYPE, with which it was intended to commence printing this Volume, were not received, and with regret we mention, that we cannot WITH CERTAINTY, promise the proposed improvements sooner than in the Eleventh Number.

The favours of PHILOPAIDEIS and PHILO-JUSTITIAE, in our next.

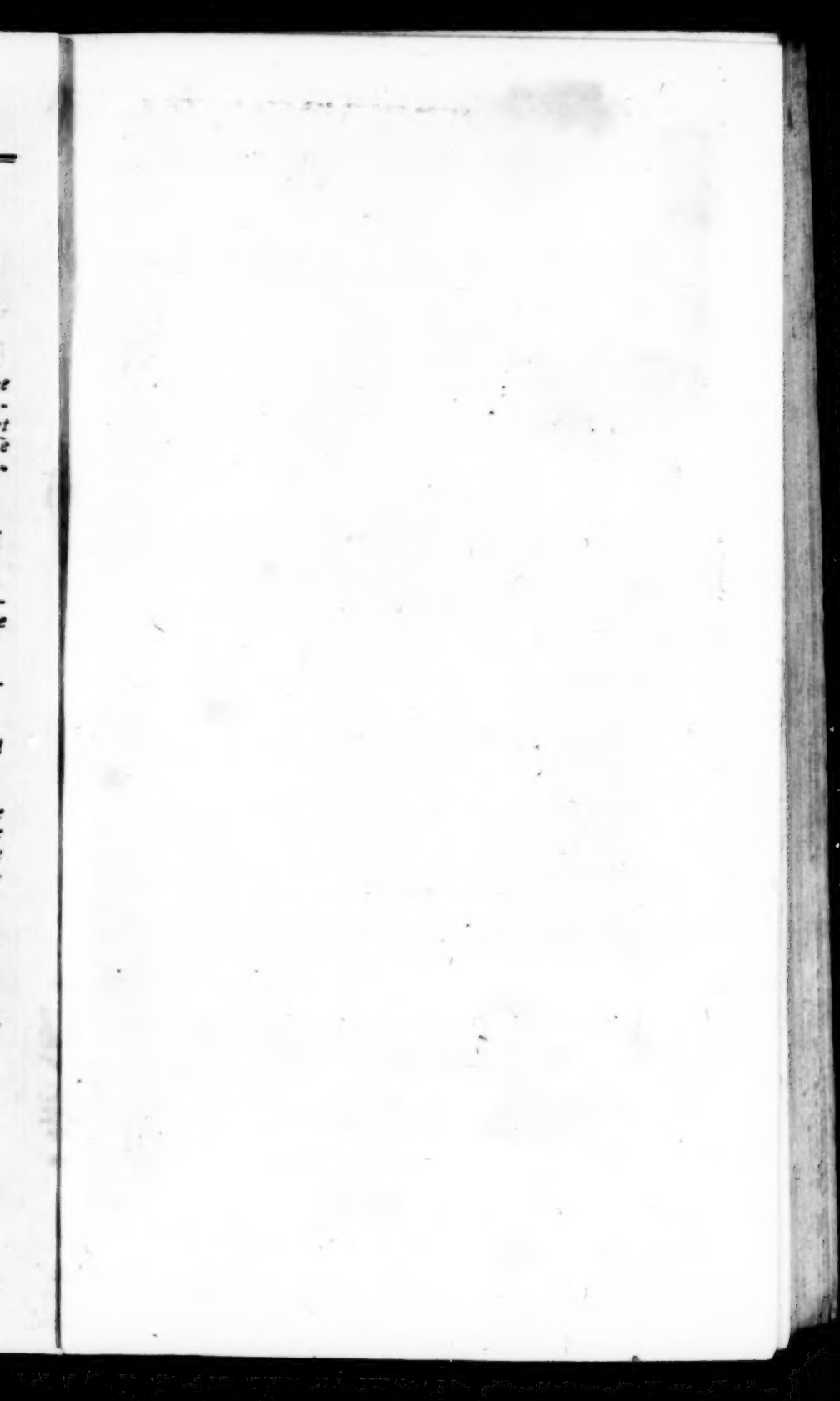
The EDITORS earnestly request, that all PIECES not original; may be so specified, with the source from whence they are borrowed.

The Fifth Letter on LIBERTY and SLAVERY, is unavoidably postponed.

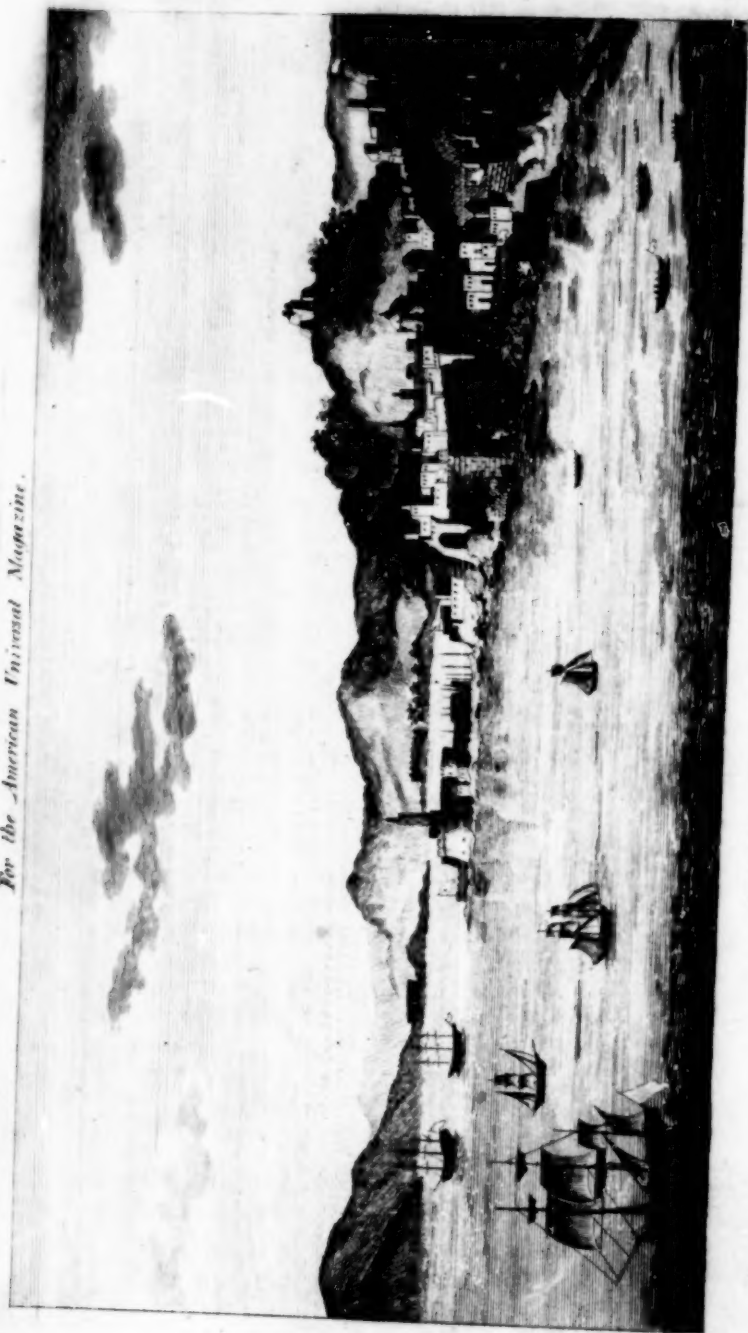
The deficient matter in this number, it will be recollected was given in our last.

 We feel an apology necessary for the state in which the "PARODY ON HAMLET," appeared in our last number: the corrected copy intended for the Press was mislaid, and the original inadvertently inserted; a circumstance highly unpleasant to our feelings, which we hope will not again occur.

ERRATUM—Vol. I. page 429, line 26, for RELIGIOUSLY read RIGOROUSLY.



For the American Universal Magazine.



VIEW of the CITY of ALGIERS.

THE
AMERICAN
UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

APRIL 3, 1797.

BRIEF DESCRIPTION OF THE CITY OF
ALGIERS.

(WITH AN ENGRAVING.)

ALGIERS, is one of the principal cities of Africa, and the capital of the kingdom or state of the same name. The foundation of this city is attributed to various princes; but the most probable opinion is, that it was built by Juba, father of Ptolemy, who gave it the name of Jol Cæsarea, as a public and perpetual acknowledgment of the favor conferred upon him by the Emperor Cæsar Augustus. It is well known to antiquaries, that on the reverse of several medals of the Emperors Claudius and Antoninus, there is a city with the name Julia Cæsarea.

About the end of the seventh century, the Mahometan Arabians making excursions into Africa, to propagate

their religion, over-ran all the Mauritania Cæsariensis. They seemed to have a particular hatred to the works of the Romans, and as they gave new names to all the cities, they called this Algezair, which is an Arabic word, that signifies belonging to an island, because there was an island before it, which is now joined to it by a mole, and forms one of the sides of the harbour.

This city is built on the declivity of a hill, in the form of an amphitheatre, and makes a very beautiful appearance from the sea. The tops of the houses are all flat, and as they are covered with earth, they serve as a kind of gardens, where summer houses are erected, to which the inhabitants repair after their business is transacted; for their great pleasure is to see if their corsairs bring in prizes.

The streets are extremely narrow, and this, added to the great number of camels, horses and asses, which one meets with, makes it very disagreeable to walk in them; but what is still worse, is, the insolence of the Turkish soldiers; for a Christian, of whatever rank he may be, must stand close against the wall, till they have passed by, otherwise they would not fail to shew their superiority by some cruel outrage.

It has been thought that the streets were made so narrow, in order that the buildings might afford a shelter against the heat of the sun; but it is evident that that their narrowness is intended to prevent the bad effects of earthquakes, since the fronts of almost all the houses are supported by rafters, which go from one to the other, across the streets. In the year 1717 Algiers felt several very severe shocks for nine months successively. All the inhabitants, except the Divan, and officers of state who remained with the Dey in his palace, quitted the city. The highways were covered with tents, crowded with poor inhabitants, and many perished through mere want within half a league of the city; villas were overthrown, and the earth appeared rent in several places.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE ENQUIRER. No. IV.

QUESTION:

Is Private Affection inconsistent with Universal Benevolence?

Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
 As the smooth pebble stirs the peaceful lake;
 The centre mov'd, a circle straight succeeds;
 Another still, and still another spreads;
 Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace;
 His country next, and next all human race;
 Wide and more wide, th' overflowings of the mind
 Take every creature in, of every kind;
 Earth smiles around with boundless bounty blest,
 And heav'n behold its image in it's breast.

POPE.

THE result of long enquiry concerning the nature of morals, seems to have been a general agreement among philosophers in the system which places the virtuous principle in the benevolent desire, and virtuous action in the wise pursuit, of universal happiness. We now hear little of Plato's Moral Beauty, Aristotle's Middle Path, or Zeno's Conformity to Nature; of Clarke's Fitness of Things, Woolaston's Truth of Action, or Shaftsbury's Balance of the Affections. Utility is now commonly understood to be the only characteristic of virtue; that course of action which is most productive of good, is admitted to be most virtuous; and he is esteemed the best man, who, with the greatest integrity of principle, ardour of spirit, and energy of action, endeavours to promote the general welfare.

If our first obligation be the pursuit of the common good, whatever in the final result interferes with this pursuit, must be wrong. No man can have a right to purchase personal enjoyment at the expence of a single grain, in the turn of the balance, against the good of the whole. No individual member of a family has a right to purchase his own gratification, at the expence of the happiness of any of his relations; no family, no province, no nation, has a right to enrich or aggrandize itself at the expence of the happiness of other families, other provinces, other nations. The plain old trading maxim, *live and let live*, should be followed in all relations of society, and through all classes of reciprocally connected and dependant beings.

VOL. II. No. I.

The obligation to universal benevolence, is admitted in its full extent. But does it follow, that private affections ought to be lost in general philanthropy? It is inconsistent with the good will and the service I owe to my species, to indulge the warm feelings of domestic affection; to give up my heart with generous ardour to a tried and faithful friend; to cherish sentiments of gratitude towards the man who has done me a kindness; to feel a peculiar attachment to the civil community to which I belong, and in which I enjoy, in common with my fellow citizens, the blessings of civil freedom? In order to be a philanthropist, must I cease to be a father, a friend, a patriot?

—"Yes," replies the cool calculator, upon the system of universal benevolence, "the sacrifice is absolutely necessary. In the exact proportion in which you suffer any private affection to prevail, universal benevolence must be impaired. You cannot give the members of your own family, your own neighbourhood, or your own nation, a larger share of your affection, than belongs to the rest of your species, without proportionally biasing your judgment, and misleading your actions. If your mind be under the influence of any private affection, it will not be in a proper state to weigh the merits of any case, which comes before you in the equal scale of general benevolence: For these affections necessarily imply a preference of one person to another, from other considerations than those of his higher powers of enjoyment, and capacity for usefulness."—

According to this method of reasoning, every kind and degree of private affection is a weakness, and in some sort a crime, as it obstructs the natural operation of general philanthropy; and the perfection of wisdom and virtue, is, to admit into the soul no other feeling, than the sublime sentiment of universal love; and to employ life in no other occupation, than in devising and executing plans of universal happiness.

If this system were adopted, it is very evident, that the present order of society must be entirely overturned. Patriotic ardour, in defending the common rights, and promoting the common interests of our country, as such, must no longer be indulged. Local attachments, arising from voluntary associations, religious, political, or commercial, must be broken; the kind regard which is generated among neighbours and acquaintance, by the intercourse of civil-

lity and hospitality, must be suppressed; above all, the tender affections of friendship and consanguinity must be rigorously subdued; because a man who loves any individual too much, must love all the world too little. All that variety of sentiments and passions, which at present renders human society so interesting, and like a happy combination of notes in music, produces an enchanting harmony, must be reduced to the dull monotony of one tranquil sentiment. Every man it is true, would meet his neighbour with the mild aspect of calm philosophy, and with the placid smile of perfect benevolence; but no eye must be seen sparkling with rapture, or melting with tenderness; no tongue must utter words of kindness, which have not first been exactly measured on the scale of universal benevolence. In short, the moral world would become one flat unvaried scene, resembling the aspect which the natural world would assume, were all its mountains and valleys levelled, and its whole surface converted into one smooth and grassy plain.

The loves and the graces must, on this supposition, all be banished. The lover's fancy must no longer deck his mistress with imaginary charms, lest he should bestow upon her more affection than is her due. Even the mother must no longer be supported, under the pains and solitudes inseparable from the maternal relation, by fond affection, but by the cool recollection of the service she is rendering to the world, in producing, nursing, and educating a rational being. If an unlucky moment should occur, in which the life of her own child, and that of another person, which promises greater benefit to society, come into competition, maternal affection must give way to universal benevolence; she must, in such a case, save her neighbour's child from drowning, rather than her own.

Against the truth of the system, which teaches the absorption of all private affection in universal benevolence, it is, surely, a strong presumption that it counteracts, so essentially, our present habits and feelings, and could not be reduced to practice without new modelling the world. This is not, indeed a demonstrative proof of its falsehood. The world certainly wants new modelling in many respects. It is also certain, that universal benevolence is a divine principle, never to be abandoned. If it can be proved that the private affections are inconsistent with this principle, they must, at all events, be banished. But before such a

grand innovation is made, let it be well examined, whether the general good would not, on the whole, be better promoted by retaining, than by dismissing the private affections?

That this is, in truth, the case, may be inferred with some confidence from the consideration, that to banish private affection, would be to annihilate a large portion of that happiness, which it is the object of universal benevolence to produce. It cannot be necessary formally to prove, that the private affections are sources of enjoyment. Every one who has been a friend, a lover, a parent, knows this from the sure evidence of experience. If we, for a moment, suppose these affections to be annihilated, we destroy the first charm of life. Every happy family becomes an insipid, unanimated society; and all human beings are converted into a set of speculative calculators, on an ideal question of general happiness, in which no individual any longer feels himself deeply interested. The rays of affection, which, while they are concentrated in private relations, are warm and vivid, diffused through the universe, become too faint and feeble to be seen or felt. Happiness is the child of feeling, not of reason. Deprive men of the private affections, and you rob them of every thing which gives life its zest, which makes its labours pleasant, and its amusements interesting; you throw a general shade over nature, which, in truth, converts it into "a drab coloured creation."

It is still a stronger proof that the private affections are not inconsistent with universal benevolence, that the latter is in fact the offspring of the former. No man is born a philanthropist. That general affection which embraces a whole species of beings, and even an universe, is not produced but by a long process of association. An infant, at first, loves nothing but warmth and nourishment. Shortly after its birth, its love for these is transferred to the mother or nurse, who supplies them. By similar associations, it gradually acquires an affection for other persons, within the small sphere of its experience. New sets of associations afterwards produce the next class of affections, those of friendship and love, and, in process of time, those feelings which belong to the artificial arrangements of civil society. Before the proper period of their growth, it would be as fruitless to expect them, as to look for harvest in spring. A child may read a love tale, but he can have no concep-

tion of the sentiments connected with it. A school-boy, without some premature inoculation of political ideas, will be a stranger to the class of affections belonging to the citizen. The peasant, who knows nothing of civic relations, rights, and duties, will feel little interested in the grand events of kingdoms and states. The flaming patriot, who pledges his fortune and life to his country—who wastes his time, and frets his temper, over the details of public occurrences—for want of comprehensive views of the history and present state of the world, and large conceptions of the nature of civil society, and the general rights of mankind, is wholly incapable of interesting himself in the fate of men who inhabit distant regions, and is an entire stranger to the liberal ideas and generous sentiments of universal philanthropy. So natural is the transition, from the more confined to the more enlarged affections, that it is commonly remarked of old bachelors, that they are less public spirited than married men; and the reason is obvious, for, who is so likely to be active in beneficent services to the public, as he who is in the daily habit of exercising kind affections in his domestic circle? The man who is observed to be remarkably deficient in the private affections, is of course understood to be incapable of universal benevolence. The truth is, the private affections are not to be considered as the scaffolding, by means of which the structure of universal benevolence is raised, but as the very materials of which it is composed. Without the previous habits of the former, the latter could never be produced; and when these habits, by the long process of association, have been established, they become so incorporated into our nature, that it would be impossible to separate them. The top of the climax of affection cannot be reached, without advancing through each intermediate step; nor is it possible to remain at the top, without resting on the ladder by which we have ascended.

But, even on the supposition that the principle of universal benevolence could be formed without the process which nature has appointed, it is to be further considered, that this principle would not, to such beings as men, be by itself a sufficient incitement to action. Reason may speculate upon the general good, and the means of producing it; but feeling alone can stimulate to those exertions, which are necessary to accomplish this great end. Fancy may, in con-

temptation, amuse itself with the image of a happy world; but the idea is too vast to excite that degree of passion, which is necessary to produce vigorous action. Images, sufficiently distinct and strong, to operate as efficient motives, can only be derived from individual objects. It is in this manner only, that the heart can be interested; and without this, the rational philanthropist, who employs himself in contemplating the abstract idea of general good, will be in the situation of the speculative mathematician, who, after he has solved an useful problem, feels no inclination to apply it in practice. The necessary consequence of the adoption of the system of universal, exclusive of private affection, would be a general relaxation of the springs of action; and it might be expected, that, except during the daily *half hour's* labour, which the necessities of life would demand, men would think it sufficient, if they ate plentifully, slept quietly, and "rose up to play." Happiness is best provided for by the division of affection, as wealth by the division of labour; for in the proportion in which affection is extended, it loses its impulsive force, as the circles, produced by a stone falling on the smooth surface of a lake, gradually become fainter as they recede from the centre.

It is another consideration of no small weight in the present argument, that the theory which would require all men to act upon the principle of universal benevolence alone, supposes a degree of comprehension, and an extent of knowledge, beyond the ordinary limits of the human faculties. What is for the good of the universe, is a vast problem, only to be solved by that mind, which comprehends the whole system. What is for the good of the human species, is a question, towards the solution of which we continually approximate, as we improve in our knowledge of the powers of human nature, and of the various substances and beings which lie within the sphere of human action, but which can never be completely answered, while our acquaintance with nature remains imperfect. The utmost that we can do is, to collect facts sufficient to establish general rules, the observance of which become obligatory from our experience of their utility. If we supersede these rules, and recur, in every case, to the general principle of benevolence, we oppose individual opinion against common experience, and we require from all men an extent of knowledge, and correct-

ness of judgment, which are possessed by no individual. The wisest philosopher would be aware of so many difficulties attending the determination of questions relative to the general good, and would perceive so much hazard of a bias on his judgment from the selfish passions, that he would always hesitate in opposing the universal law of benevolence against more limited maxims of prudence or morality. Of what use, then, could this law be to the illiterate peasant, or the busy mechanic? You might as well expect a common sailor to find his way at sea by trigonometrical theorems, without his log-line, and his Gunter's scale, as that a man unused to speculation should be able to calculate every case of moral action by the general principle of universal benevolence.

From these united considerations it may be confidently concluded, that the private affections form a necessary part of the moral œconomy of man, and, therefore, are not inconsistent with the law of universal benevolence.—To the advocates for the exclusive authority of this law it is conceded, that it is the foundation of all other laws; that it is paramount to all other laws; that where it can be applied *with certainty*, it ought to be followed without reserve; and that the sublimity and perfection of virtue consist in sacrificing the less to the greater good. It is also conceded, that it is the general tendency of private affection to direct a larger portion of kindness towards its object, than, without attending to the influence of these affections upon the general system, might seem right; and that particular cases may be supposed, in which greater *immediate* good will be produced by consulting general utility, than by following the impulse of private affection. It is granted, that it might have been for the *immediate* advantage of the world, that the life of the wife and virtuous Fenelon* should have been preserved, when his palace was on fire, rather than that of his worthless valet. Nevertheless supposing at such a moment, the choice to rest with the mother of the valet, it is contended, that it was better, because on the whole more productive of good, that private maternal affection should have dictated the preference of the valet to his master, than that the good archbishop of Cambray should have been saved,

* See Godwin's Enquiry concerning Political Justice, Book ii, chapter 2.

in obedience to a system which supposes the annihilation of the private affections. Universally, it is contended, on the grounds above stated, that parental, filial, and fraternal love, friendship, gratitude, patriotism, and other limited affections may, under certain established regulations be indulged, without abandoning general benevolence;—that as the chemical attractions, which subsist between different classes of bodies, operate without interfering with the universal law of gravitation; so the “dear charities” of private life may remain, without violating the supreme law which unites man to man, and being to being, throughout the universe.



ANECDOTES

OF PERSONS CONNECTED WITH THE FRENCH
REVOLUTION.

(Continued from page 5, of vol. 1.)

THE DIRECTOR CARNOT.

ON the resignation of the Abbé Sieyes, who, on that occasion, gave an unequivocal testimony of his disinterestedness, Carnot was elected, almost unanimously, to a seat in the directory.

He was originally, an officer; and having enjoyed a good education, and being attached to mathematical pursuits, he entered into the *corps* of engineers, in which however, he never attained any high rank.

The revolution, by substituting genius in the room of birth and intrigue, gave full scope to the talents of Carnot; and he has essentially served his country, under all the forms of government, and all the ebullitions of party, to which it has been subjected; in this instance, perhaps, following the opinion of a great English admiral, who acted both under Cromwell and the commonwealth, and was accustomed to say, that it was the chief business of a good citizen, “to keep foreigners from fooling us.”

On the execution of Robespierre, and the proscription of his party, when the convention, after giving orders to arrest several of its members, who were jacobins, came to

him, they all exclaimed, "He has organized victory, let him persevere in his exertions in favour of his native country!" This, at such a moment, was the greatest of all possible compliments.

To the exertions of this individual, the conquest of Holland and Austrian Flanders, the victories in Spain, and the almost uninterrupted series of successes in Italy, have been attributed. The brilliant, but destructive passage of the Rhine, occurred at a period when he was out of favour; on resuming his power and popularity, he repaired the miscarriages of less enterprising men; and such seem to have been either his powers, or his good fortune, that he has, in a manner, chained victory to the chariot wheel of France.

Under him, Pichegru and Jourdain were little better than mere agents. They, indeed, executed vast plans, but they were first conceived by Carnot; who, sitting in a committee at Paris, with the elder Rochambeau and a few more able men, directed the movements in the Palatinate, the United Provinces, and Flanders. Louvois attempted to do the same thing, during the reign of Louis XVI, and failed. It is the property of superior talents, undismayed by inefficient examples to succeed.

Carnot is a man of a good family; but yet he detests the claims built upon pedigree. When he entered into the engineers, those of noble descent only were eligible. He has lived to see different times, and to patronize one of the greatest generals France ever possessed, whom he drew from a subordinate situation, to carry his theories into practice.

He voted for the death of Louis XVI, as did all the present directory, one only excepted; who, however, transmitted a letter of *adhesion* to the sentence, and lamented that his mission prevented him from giving it *viva voce*.

MADAME LA FAYETTE.

This lady, the wife of a man, whose history is blended with two important revolutions, was a marchioness before the late changes in France; the family name of her husband was also both spelled and pronounced differently, being then De la Fayette; but the *de* being a mark of nobility, as having a feudal allusion (the French term it, a *nomme de terre*) it was, of course, omitted on the extinction of titles.

Madame Lafayette is an eminent instance of the instabi-

lity of greatness, the mutability of fortune, and the inefficacy of wealth. Descended from an ancient lineage, united to an amiable and illustrious husband, who possessed estates in Europe, America, and the West Indies; she, nevertheless, has not been exempted from the most bitter calamities that can afflict suffering humanity.

When Lafayette resisted the commands of the sole remaining legitimate power in France, his "widowed wife" was arrested. Under the despotism of Robespierre, she escaped death only by a miracle (part of her family was actually immolated to his vengeance) but what to some will appear more terrible, she experienced an unremitting captivity of fifteen months, during which, she suffered all the horrors of a close confinement, being immured within four walls, subjected to a scanty and precarious diet, secluded from her children, and prohibited even from the light of heaven.

On the death of the tyrant, the voice of humanity was once more heard, and she was liberated, and restored to the arms of her afflicted daughter. But she was a wife as well as a mother! and her beloved husband was still in bondage; for he who had endeavoured to avert the execution of Louis XVI (such is the gratitude of courts) was languishing in an Austrian prison!

She accordingly repaired to Hamburgh, accompanied by her children only, for she had not wealth sufficient to hire a single domestic, and she possesses a lofty sense of independence, which taught her to reject pecuniary assistance, even from her few remaining friends. As soon as her health was a little restored, she posted to Vienna, and prostrated herself at the feet of the emperor.

Francis III. is in the flower of his youth. The chilling hand of age has not yet rendered him morose; and surely victory cannot have blunted his feelings, and made him at once haughty and insensible! No! no! there is not a prince of his house, from the obscure count de Hapsburg, of a former period, to the late powerful tenant of the Imperial diadem, who has had more occasion to find and to feel that he is a man.

Weeping beauty did not supplicate in vain; the German monarch raised her from her lowly posture, and promised better days. With his permission, she flew on the wings of affection, and, strengthened by conjugal love, knocked at the gate of the fortress that confined her dearly beloved hus-

band, whose speedy deliverance (vain idea!) she hoped instantly to announce.

The massive bolts of the dungeon give way, the grating hinges of the iron doors pierce the ears; she and her virgin daughters are eyed, searched, rifled, by an odious and horrible gaoler; and those who, but a moment before, deemed themselves deliverers, now find themselves captives!

Reclining in the bottom of thy dungeon, these tears cannot be seen, these sighs cannot be heard, nor can the quick decay of youth and beauty, cankered in the bloom, and dissolving amidst the horrors of a German prison, be contemplated. But the heart of sympathy throbs for you, ye lovely mourners; the indignation of mankind is aroused; the present age shudders at your unmerited sufferings and posterity will shed a generous tear at their recital. Anguish may not yet rend the bosoms of your persecutors, but a dreadful *futurity* awaits them, and, were it possible to escape the scourge of offended heaven, they will yet experience all the vengeance of indignant history!

THE CI-DEVANT COUNT DE —.

This nobleman was one of Louis XVI's *Aides de Camp*, and remained in the Thuilleries during the attack of the palace, converted into a fortress by that part of the *noblesse* which had not emigrated, but remained firmly attached to what they deemed their interest, and, perhaps their duty. After the melancholy catastrophe that ensued, this officer repaired to England, where he expected to be received with open arms; but he now execrates the day that he left his native country. When all his *Louis d'ors* were expended, he endeavoured to procure subsistence by means of his pen; but failed, as he was entirely ignorant of our vernacular tongue, and his own is not so generally understood in London, as to reward a French author for his labours.

I met him one day, merry as usual, and to the full as jocular as ever, respecting his own misfortunes; but yet there was an air of chagrin in his countenance, a squalidness in his looks, and a degree of negligence, if not misery, in his dress, that betokened indigence. After a few minutes' conversation, I learned, that my surmises were but too true; for he told me frankly, that being reduced in point of circumstances, and having a turn for mechanics

from his early youth, he was determined to convert his former attachment into a trade, and gain his livelihood by the saw and the plane. On expressing my surprise, he assured me that he did not blush at such a situation, but, on the contrary, took credit to himself for his resolution of living independent of his friends. "But by what means are you to secure this independence?" "Loyalement, comme un charpentier!" And on saying so, he solicited to be employed by me. I respect the misfortunes of a man whom I esteem, while I differ with him in opinion; the sorrows, even of an enemy, ought to be held sacred; and I possess too much delicacy, to mention the name of a nobleman, who has become the victim of a blind attachment to royalty.

The count de — is not the only person of rank and family, who has been reduced to the most humiliating situation, in consequence of a similar partiality. A *ci-devant* duke is said to be in partnership with his former cook, in an ordinary, at Hamburgh, where he himself acts as a *traiteur*. A *ci-devant* princess lodges in a two pair of stairs room, in my late neighbourhood. A female, one of the *haute noblesse*, I know received with gratitude, a few caps and gowns for her children, from a friend of mine; and, finally, a near relation of my own actually purchased a *farren-stitch* gown, wrought by the hands of a lovely *comtesse*, who once figured away amidst all the splendour of the luxurious and dissolute court of Versailles.

If we are to give credit to an English newspaper, no less than thirty-three priests have died of want, in consequence of their allowance being withdrawn. Many of the monks, in the primitive ages, were obliged by their institutions to learn trades, in order to contribute to their own support: and I myself know, that three or four French priests have settled in the neighbourhood of Hampstead, where they earn sufficient to maintain themselves comfortably. Their chief employment is in toys, jewelry, &c. I have seen some gold ear-rings, finished by them, in a manner that would do no discredit to our best workmen. A priest lately refused a *present*, although offered to him in the most polite manner, saying that he maintained himself by means of a turning loom. On the other hand, a *ci-devant* professor at the Lyceum assured me, that on returning from Wandsworth, he was unable to pass the Thames at Batter-

sea, because he had not a halfpenny to pay the toll, and was actually obliged to go round by Westminster-bridge, where there is no tax levied on passengers.

NECKER,

A native of Geneva, a banker of Paris, and for some time partner to an eminent merchant of London (LOUI. TEXIER). This celebrated man was destined to rise from the desk of a 'compting-house, to one of the highest employments in Europe, that of minister of finance to the French monarchy. Vanity, egotism, ostentation; these are said to be his failings; but, on the other hand, a good husband, a good father, a good citizen; he is in possession of all the public and private virtues. If he evinces less ability than his rival, Calonne, be it remembered, that he can boast of a spotless integrity. Suspicion has never blasted his fair fame, with the charge of unaccounted millions. A man of business in office, a philosopher in disgrace; he never allowed himself to be elevated or depressed, by either the smiles or frowns of a king; he still remembered that he was a citizen of Geneva!

He, however, experienced a variety of mortifications, for which he indemnified himself, perhaps, by the hope of proving serviceable to mankind.—Old Maurepas never allowed him to sit in his presence.

To the preponderance of the TIERS ETAT, produced entirely by his means, France is indebted for her Revolution; but for this, the nation would have relapsed into servitude, and the crown being HORS DE PAGE, into despotism. He was once banished, and once recalled from the country of his adoption; his last, perhaps, final retreat, was voluntary on his part.

He resides at present at CAPELLE, a lordship purchased by him, and situated within the territory of Berne. Geneva would scarcely be a secure asylum for him; at least, it would not have been so formerly.

Necker has written on religion, morals, finance and government. His wife, formerly mademoiselle Curchod, the daughter of a curé of the reformed religion, who, after his exile from France, resided at Crassy, in the PAYS DE VAUD, was greatly admired by Gibbon, the historian, a-

bout thirty years since ; but his love, which does not appear to have been very violent, easily yielded to the admonitions of paternal prudence. She is allowed to be a most amiable and virtuous woman. His daughter, madame de Stael, is married to the minister plenipotentiary from Sweden, to the French Republic. She has written many political tracts, and gave some good advice to the coalesced powers, about eighteen months since ; but on her return to Paris, she was denounced by Legendre, as entertaining views hostile to the commonwealth. This instantly put an end to her political conversations, for the court of Sweden finds its neutrality too profitable to risk it by any dispute with the French Republic. S.

MR. EDITOR,

The inclosed is taken from a late English publication, and is intended to apply chiefly to that country ; it has been however shrewdly suspected that a satire against Cannibality is not wholly inapplicable to America ; If, Mr. Editor you think so, you will give it a place in the next number of your philanthropic Miscellany.

CANNIBALITY,

SHOULD the CANNIBALS of Owyhee, or other Indian Islands, be reproached with feeding on human flesh, it is likely, they would at first affect to ridicule those who expressed their abhorrence of the practice, as arising merely from the squeamishness of their stomachs, or ignorance of the deliciousness of the food ; and insist, that if once they knew its richness, they would never lose the relish of it, but be as ready to feast thereon, as other people ; but as the clamour grew more loud and general, the jocularity of their language would change into the lowest scurrility and invective ; they would charge those that differed from them in sentiment and taste, with injustice, cruelty, hypocrisy, and fanaticism ; and when they found this was of no avail in stifling the out cry against the inhumanity of their conduct, they would gravely un-

dertake to justify the right, expediency, and necessity, of devouring their fellow creatures, somewhat in the following manner:

1st, They would resolve and maintain, that MAN-EATING was not expressly forbid by the religion of Owhyhee, humane and excellent as it is; and that, therefore, it is divinely lawful. That, in fact, it was allowed by the founder thereof, and sanctioned by the great God himself, as has been clearly shown by the priest Harrisbo*, who, having been initiated in two or three religious systems, must be supposed to know something about religion.

2dly, The eating of our fellow creatures does not violate the great principle of morality, established by the religion of Owhyhee, OF NOT DOING TO ANOTHER WHAT ONE WOULD NOT HAVE DONE TO ONESELF; as it was well known, the people of Owyhee were as ready to be eaten by; as to eat their fellow creatures.

3dly, That CANNIBALITY, or man-eating, has always existed as a condition and practice of mankind, in some place or other in the world; and, therefore, it might be rightfully extended every where, not only in the most barbarous, but the most civilized countries.

4thly, That it is well known, that they who are doomed to be devoured, exult at the thought of their approaching fate, always singing and dancing as they go to the stake, to the jingling sound of bits of iron, fastened to their hands and feet; which diversion is greatly promoted by their humane conductors as such exercise is found to purify their blood, and make their flesh more delicious.

5thly, That it being proved, that the eating of human flesh is not contrary to religion, morality, humanity, and the practice of the world, it is obvious, that it is not only consistent with, but dictated by sound policy every where, and particularly at Owhyhee.

6thly, That Owyhee being a mercantile country, must necessarily sacrifice every consideration, and every principle, to commerce; in the course of which, all the natural, inherent, and unalienable rights of man, may be

* An Ecclesiastic, formerly a Romish priest of Liverpool, who has written a book in justification of the Slave Trade, as being agreeable to the law of God.

fold and purchased by another, for his sole profit and enjoyment in life.

7thly, That Owyhee depending on trade for its existence, it ought to be extended every where, either by fraud or force ; that it cannot be carried on to any great extent or national advantage in certain places, but by the purchase of human flesh and blood.

8thly, That 30,000 or 40,000 Owhyheens could not live so luxuriously as they do, if three or four hundred thousand strangers were not annually devoured by them ; and, in particular, their wives, widows, and orphans, would lead most uncomfortable lives, if they did not feed on the wives, widows, and infants, of other countries.

9thly, That the manufactures of lances, knives and daggers, canoe building, paddling, and even the subsistence of the king, and all the people of Owhyhee, are materially interested in the trade of human flesh, and the sacrifice of their fellow creatures.

10thly, That although this trade is the grave of those who are the objects of it, and of those who carry it on, it is the nursery of the most useful set of men in Owyhee.

11thly, That the king of Owhyhee, could not be so great and so fat as he is, if he did not dine on human flesh ; and his revenue in hogs would sensibly diminish, if MAN-EATING was abolished ; the natural breed of hogs not being sufficient for the support of the country ; and the people of Owhyhee would not be so brave and strong as they are, and, therefore, must soon become dependant on the neighbouring nations, that is to say, become slaves, which is more horrible than death itself, if they did not feed on the flesh and blood of their fellow creatures.

12thly, That it is notorious, that the soil of Owyhee cannot be worked to advantage, unless it be manured by the bones and offal of the victims of human avarice ; and therefore the oronas, or lords of the world, must go without their sugar canes and sava, unless millions of the human species are killed off.

13thly, That should it appear, notwithstanding what had been offered, that this trade is contrary to humanity, morality, and religion, it, nevertheless, ought not to be abolished, because it has been once permitted.

14thly, Should it however be put a stop to, as odious in the sight of God and man, the good people of Owhyee demand an indemnification for their losses, they being by, no means inclined to be either religious, moral, or humane, from principle, and no government whatever, as governments are conducted, has a right or reason to expect they should.

15thly, That though the Owhyheens are pretty confident and vain of their supposed superiority over all other people, in courage, knowledge, humanity, and religion, yet is not their interest to affect to be wiser and better in this instance than their neighbours, the Francees, the Spanios, and the more distant Amercees; for why should the Owhyheens be less barbarous, than they are said to be; and, in a word, less CANNIBALS than any other nation in the world?

(Signed)

CREOLE, SECRETARY.

FRAGMENTS.

IRON IN THE HAND OF MAN.

BY M. MERCIER.

I LOVE to figure to myself the first operations of the arts upon the earth. Behold! the hatchet enters the forests, and the wild beasts, struck with alarm, abandon their dens to man, who, with iron and fire, opens spacious alleys in woods where the earth, by the exuberance of her useful productions, becomes a burden to herself.

The rays of the sun have purified the poisoned soil, where the uprooted pines and old trunks, exhausted by thick garlands of parasitical plants, gave to vegetation a hideous aspect: the marshes, concealed beneath heaps of rotten leaves, bred hideous insects; a vent is given to these stagnant waters. The air corrects the extensive hu-

midity,—a temperature the most pernicious to our species. Habitations arise in the same spots from whence ferocious animals, lurking under the clustering boughs, darted out upon their prey.

Instead of the poisonous plants on which the quadruped and man languished alike, too near the green carpet of the fens, we now see the treasures of a wholesome and smiling husbandry spring up! and sportive flocks now gambol where the hideous serpent was wont to shed his venom.

The intention of the Creator, In bestowing the arts, seems particularly to have provided the permanent means of associating men. Human society enters into the plan of God, not only as a certain effect, but as a principal object to which most other effects are meant to concur.

Without society, there is no affinity, no virtue; no knowledge of the Great Being, of our own duties, of our capability of improvement, of the happy developement of our intellectual faculties. What indeed is the human race, dispersed, without morality, without notions of religion or virtue, knowing neither to admire nor to contemplate the wonders of the creation? Society gives the necessary instruction to man; and to the prosperity which it affords in this world, it joins the hope of a future felicity in a new order of things. For the great and sublime idea of final causes disclosed itself only in improved society, in which we perceive the concurrence of the rays of eternal wisdom.

To endeavour to prove that the condition of civilized nations is less desirable than that of the Caribs or Hot-tentots; or that the man who exercises the arts is less happy merely by reason of his employment; that if all his knowledge were confined to run, to leap, to wrestle, to throw a stone, to climb a tree, and all his occupation to satisfy the cravings of nature, and then, void of thought, to slumber at the foot of a tree; this, I say, is to play on the surface of things for the sake of displaying a brilliant eloquence.

The arts and sciences have doubtless their inconveniences; but are these inconveniences to be put in competition with the advantages which result from them? Can they be compared with the evils which follow the neglect of them? When men were without the arts, they were

obliged, like famished wolves, to fall forth from their retreats in pursuit of prey. They were continually engaged in destroying each other, that they might not be destroyed by famine. Hence the inundation of those barbarous hordes, which fear could no longer confine on the shores of the ocean, or behind the mountains of the north. They migrated perpetually from their barren abodes to the regions of the south, and there destroyed every thing, till they were destroyed themselves.

Notwithstanding all the blessings which nature has lavished on man, he would have remained poor and miserable, without the benefit of political laws, which increase the force and enjoyment of a people, which banish famine, which break the yoke of slavery, and lastly, which instruct individuals concerning their respective rights.

Wise political laws collect into a focus abundance and liberty, and prevent men from becoming the slaves of their fellows! Political laws also, by confining nations within prudent limits, hinder them from rushing against each other. Small tribes are subject to this accident, as well as mighty states, when the means of subsistence are not founded on the social laws.

Let us conclude, therefore, that men are only unhappy because they are not sufficiently industrious.

PRIMITIVE RIGHT.

(BY THE SAME.)

IT was a lawful act; for a body of men wanting women had a right to provide themselves, and to take them from their neighbours who could spare them. Force was then the cry at once of nature and of the right of nations. What a state does from real necessity and for its preservation, becomes a supreme law, but never was there perhaps a motive so powerful and so just as that which at that time actuated the Romans. And why was this rape never ranked among unwarrantable violences? Plainly because it was consistent with the law of nature.

There are cases (they are indeed rare,) when misery can justly have recourse to force alone. Famine, pestilence, and shipwreck warrant laws, which are not inconsistent with justice, though they offend charity. Such is the right of necessity; but it is so terrible, on examination, that it should be covered with a veil, as a precipice is screened which the eye dares not to explore.

Some countries expel the stranger who has been driven from his home, and deny him a retreat. If all the world were to repel him alike, could he live in the air? Must not a man inhabit some where on the globe? And has he not a right to do so? The nation from which he intreats an asylum, therefore treats him unjustly and cruelly, if in place of restraining and watching him, it commands him to leave its territories. The water, the air, and the earth belong to all men; and the inconvenience which property may sustain, can never excuse the inhumanity of him who refuses his fellow a share in the patrimony of primæval society.

Penal laws alone have a right to drive a person from one country to another; and this act appears to me the most terrible exercise of their power.

For the same reason, no equitable law can hold by force a member of the society who wishes to go elsewhere in search of happiness. Every man has a right to choose his country, because happiness being the natural end to which every man aspires, each is free to join what society he pleases. If the citizen is blameable for forsaking the place of his birth, the state which seeks to retain its subject, would show its weakness, and after all obtain a bad citizen.

European states forming in a manner the bulb of the thermometer, what matters the fluctuation of the individuals? When the natural ties are insufficient, we need no longer talk of the political ties, which lose their force when we attempt to overstrain them. The state may indeed recal its subjects, and punish them by the confiscation of their goods. But it ought to respect the liberty of the individual; nor could he have any merit in loving his country, if he were not permitted to adopt another.

What can we think of a government, which rendering men wretched, and stripping them of every thing, restrains

them from going to breathe in a milder asylum, and which sets up barriers to hold them in misery and servitude.

FOR THE AMERICAN UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

PICTURE OF A BATTLE.

AN ORIGINAL FRAGMENT.

MAN, though naturally entitled to the enjoyment of tranquil peace and liberty, has been constrained to bear a musket on his shoulders—to fix to it a destructive bayonet. Torn from his cottage—dragged to a field of battle which his soul detests, the husbandman quits his plough and the artist his workshop! The young man has deserted the altar of Hymen: He abandons an infirm father—the mistress of his heart—a disconsolate family! He goes reluctantly to swell the crowd of combatants, whose hearts have gradually become susceptible of the baneful impressions of licentiousness, ferocity, and violence.

Behold an hundred thousand men opposed to an hundred thousand of the same species! They advance: Front approaches front with solemn step, on a vast plain, which in a few moments will be tinged with human gore!

What a prodigious concourse of men, mutually pressing on one another, and displaying their moving phalanxes, range themselves in regular order to administer death with art! Blind instruments of others' vengeance—They wait the signal in silence! Fierce, from an imaginary sense of duty, they are on the point of exterminating their fellow creatures, uninspired by resentment or passion! Having sold their existence at a low price, their chiefs estimate it proportionably.

The resplendent sun now appears, whose setting, thousands of hapless mortals shall not behold. Ah! who would expect the horrors of carnage? The earth is decked with flowers; the mild and azure-mantled spring perfumes the air; nature smiles as a fond mother; the sun in tranquil majesty diffuses his beneficent rays that gild and mature the gifts of the Creator—all is serenity—harmony prevails

through universal nature: wretched man alone burns with infatuated phrenzy to massacre his fellow on the tender verdure of the springing mead!

The armies halt! at a destined signal, the arrows of death fly around. What dreadful tumult! all nature in a moment groans on account of the fury of man! Hearest thou the roaring of those gigantic instruments of human vengeance? Rivals of thunder and more terrible than it, repelling the pity which would force its way to the heart, they drown with their voice the moaning outcries of the dying. A cloud of dust and smoke ascends towards heaven, veiling from its view such a combination of horrors.

Tigers, bears and lions, urged by sensations of voracious hunger, are possessed of ferocious, but infinitely more justifiable cruelty. Behold the streams of blood which flow! Twenty thousand men are fallen to gratify the caprice of a single despot—UNPITIED VICTIMS AT AMBITION'S SHRINE! See them falling upon one another—uncelebrated, unremembered, unregretted, unknown! Thus the sudden northern blast destroys the myriads of insects which cover our fields.

They expire, raising their lamentable cries to an inexorable heaven: trampled under the feet of horses and of their own countrymen, whose compassion they implore but cannot excite, they die in a thousand ways each more deplorable than another. While those who claim the most tender pity, still retaining the remains of life, and consumed by thirst (the most insufferable of torments) have it not yet in their power to close their eyes in death. Others, insensible of their situation, impetuously invade their maim'd companions, and unmoved by their wounds, strip their mangled and still palpitating bodies!

O thou great Creator of the universe! Is this that beautiful creature whom thou hast endowed with a tender heart, with a noble aspect and erect countenance*! who conceives and nourishes the soft emotions of compassion, and the generous transports of benevolence?—who is capable of admiring virtue and greatness of soul? Yes, it is his hand that with an odious and triumphant joy, plants the standard of victory upon heaps of the slain! Shocking trophy!

* *Os Homini sublime dedit; Cælumque tueri.*

Go, barbarous man; go and exult in the midst of this scene of carnage, fix thine eyes on those pale and livid visages, where pain and rage are depicted in dismal colours, enjoy your cruel victory. Wander over those immense tombs, count the enormous victims thou had precipitated into eternity unprepared. Kindle your bonfires, and dare in your songs to address the God who commands you to love each other as brethren.

Stay! thoughtless and inconsiderate beings! permit me to arrest your vindictive arms from such savage deeds of human immolation. What does your triumph amount to? The spoil acquired by pillage enriches not. What does your conquest produce?—I see nothing but blood and tears; but these will never become a source or fountain of happiness; and that which ambition carries off in her licentious course, soon vanishes from the hands of the usurper.

ANECDOTES

OF DR. FRANKLIN.

IN the early parts of Dr. Franklin's life, when he was even a journeyman printer in New York, he resorted to Disputing Clubs, and was always considered as a leading character in those societies. From an old clergyman now resident in England, who formerly attended these meetings with him, we have been informed of many particulars relative to his conduct upon these occasions. He was at no time of his life a very rapid or fluent speaker; seldom ornamenting his discourse, or diverging from the subject matter, otherwise than in short anecdotes or familiar allusions. When a subject was started, he never was amongst the first to discuss it, but generally waited till it had been pretty nearly exhausted; he then rose with great deliberation, and, having a very sound judgment, he selected such parts from the rest of the speakers, either to strengthen or refute, as generally decided the question, and gained him the reputation of wisdom and discernment.

It is supposed by this clergyman, that Franklin did not understand Latin ; that is to say, he was not regularly bred a Latin scholar ; but that when he became a man of some consideration with the world, he had himself instructed a little in the Latin grammar, and could repeat and apply with great facility and judgment a number of Latin sentences, which it is thought he had previously studied as auxiliaries to conversation and debate. He, however, always walked over this ground cautiously, and when he was opposed by a Latin quotation, he was scarcely ever known to answer it in the same language.

Few men ever studied with greater success this precept of Milton :

————— “ To know
That which before us lies in daily life
Is the prime wisdom,”

than Dr. Franklin.

He had a strong intuitive view of the human character, and decided upon it in that familiar, comprehensive manner, as to meet the general sense of the public. He was one day examining a boy (at the request of his father, who had too partial an opinion of him) relative to his studies and habits, &c. Upon almost every question the boy had some excuse for his idleness ; illness prevented him from reading such a book as the Doctor had recommended to him, want of paper made him neglect his exercises, and bad pens were to excuse his bad writing, &c. The doctor, having heard him with great attention for some time, at last made the following reply : “ My young friend, as I cannot suppose that you are telling a parcel of lies, I can only say, hitherto you have been rather unfortunate, but remember this maxim in future, “ The boy who is good at excuses, is generally good for nothing else.”

When the Duke of Montague succeeded the late Duke of Northumberland as Master of the Horse, Franklin being in a large company at dinner at a nobleman's table, they were all expressing their surprise what could induce the latter Duke to resign an employment so fitted to his rank and high notions of dignity. Some said it was a pique relative to the lieutenancy of the county--others attributed it to the high spirit of the Duchess--others con-

jestured the attendance was too fatiguing—and others that it might arise from a neglect in lord Percy's promotion. Franklin heard their several conjectures with patience for some time; at last he exclaimed, with great emphasis—
 " Good God, what a land of FREEDOM do I live in, when a nobleman of the first rank and most princely fortune cannot resign his employments without having every other reason assigned for it but the EFFECT OF PRINCIPLE!"

A TRULY MARVELOUS EXTRACT,
 FROM VOL. IV:
 OF LORD MONBODDO'S ANTIENT META-
 PHYSICS.

NOR is man less various in the figure of his body, than in the other things I have mentioned; and the individuals of the species are, I am persuaded, more different one from another than those of any other species. And first, that there are men with tails, such as dogs and cats have, I think I have proved beyond the possibility of doubt*. And not only are there tailed men extant; but men, such as the antients describe satyrs, have been found who had not only tails, but the feet of goats, and horns on their heads. One of this kind, we are told by St. Jerome, was, under the reign of Constantine the Emperory, publicly shewn in Alexandria, while he was alive; and after he was dead, his body was preserved with salt, carried to Antioch and was there shewn to the Emperor; so that we ought not to treat as a fable, what the antients have told us of animals of that form.

We have the authority of another father of the church, for a greater singularity still of the human form; and that is, of men without heads, but with eyes in their breasts. This is related by St. Augustine, who saw these men in Ethiopia, whither he went to preach the gospel; and was some time among them, and relates other particulars concerning them. And the same saint tells us, that he saw,

* Vol. I. of Origin of Language, 2d edit. p. 257, and following; end vol. III. of this work, p. 250. Besides these authorities, there is one Wolfe, a German, who travelled in the island of Ceylon, and who says, that one of the titles of the king of that island, is *Descendant of the Tailed Monarch*.

in the same country, men with only one eye in their forehead. Nor do these facts rest solely upon the authority of St. Augustine; but antient authors mention them, particularly Strabo, who tells the story of men with eyes in their breasts, which he says is attested by several authors whom he names, though he does not believe them. As to the men with one eye, it is related by Herodotus, of a people in Scythia, who, from that quality, had their name of ARIMASPIANS, as he interprets the word. We must not therefore treat as a fable what Homer has told us of the Cyclops, any more than what is related, by other antient authors, of satyrs.

There is another singularity of the human form, as great or greater than any I have hitherto mentioned, and that is, of men with the heads of dogs. That such men did exist, is attested by the authors I have elsewhere mentioned, whose authorities cannot, I think, be questioned. One of them, by name Agatharchides, says, that they were to be seen in Alexandria in his time, having been sent thither from Ethiopia and the country of the Troglodites. So that it appears, that the LATRATOR ANUBIS, as Virgil calls him, which was the form of one of the Egyptian gods, was not an imaginary form, but taken from real life.

This author, Agatharchides, mentions another animal of mixed form, having the head of a man, and the body of a lion, such as he is represented in antient sculpture, and is called a Sphynx. He says he was sent into Alexandria from Ethiopia, with the dog-headed man above mentioned. And he describes him to be, by nature, a tame and gentle animal, and capable of being taught motion to music; whereas the dog-headed men, he says, were exceedingly fierce, and very difficult to be tamed. According, therefore, to this author, the sphynx was no imaginary animal, but had a real existence, as well as the dog-headed men. Agatharchides, however, is the only author, as far as I know, who mentions the sphynx, as an animal actually existing; whereas the dog-headed men are mentioned by several authors. It may be observed, however, that Agatharchides had an opportunity of being very well informed; for he lived about the time of Ptolemy III. king of Egypt, who had a great curiosity to be informed about the wild men of Ethiopia, and for that purpose sent

men to that country, particularly one Symmius, from whom Agatharchides got his information. And I am disposed to believe that he was well informed; for I have read his book, and I think it has all the appearance of being an authentic narrative, without any mixture of fable, unless we are disposed to believe that there never existed, on this earth, men different from those we see now. But the variety of nature is so great, that I am convinced of the truth of what Aristotle says, that every thing exists, or did at some time exist, which is possible to exist. And though it were certain that such animals as the sphynx, or the other animals that I have mentioned, did no longer exist on this earth, it would not from thence follow that they never existed. I do not believe that men with eyes in their breasts, or with only one eye in their forehead, are now to be found on the face of the earth: and yet I think we cannot doubt that they once existed in Ethiopia, where St. Augustine says he saw them. We are sure that there are whole species of animals, which were once in certain countries, but are not now to be found there, such as wolves in Britain. It is not probable that such compounded animals as the dog-headed man and the sphynx, were ever very numerous; and if so, it is likely that they would be considered as monsters by the other men of the country, and so would be destroyed by them.

Besides these varieties in the whole form of man, there is a variety in one part of him, which I think wonderful, though, as it is so familiar to us, it be not commonly observed. The part I mean is the face, in which a man may observe, in a crowd of people, or walking the streets of a populous city, such a variety of form, and figure, and features expressing different dispositions and sentiments, as is really wonderful.

Thus I think I have shewn, that man is more various in the form of his body, than in any thing else; and that there is a peculiarity in the form of some of the individuals of the species, which is not to be found in any other species; I mean the mixture of different species in the same animal. And yet I think it is not unnatural, if we consider how much his inward part or mind is compounded; for it consists not only of the vegetable and the animal life, but of the intellectual; and if so, I think it needs not be

wondered, that his nature should admit of a composition likewise, in his outward form, of different species of animals.

LOVE AND REVENGE.

DON PEDRO, son of Alonzo the fourth, king of Portugal, and heir apparent to the crown, having fallen in love with a lady of the court, named Donna Ignez de Castro, thought he could not share the crown which awaited him with a more amiable person. She united to all the charms of beauty, the most graceful and accomplished manners. The prince, waving all considerations of birth and fortune, was privately married to her by the bishop of Guarda.

Notwithstanding the nuptials were performed with all the secrecy imaginable, yet they reached the king's ear, who had premeditated a consort for Don Pedro, in the king of Castile's daughter. He questioned him as to the truth of the report; but, knowing his father's arbitrary disposition, he thought it prudent then to conceal the fact.

The nobility also had intimation of the marriage, and the preference given to Ignez had awakened their jealousy. Hence they took every opportunity of representing her as a woman of the greatest ambition, and pretended that very fatal consequences were to be apprehended from such an alliance; they also condemned the prince as a rash and disobedient son.

The king, who was a man of weak understanding, gave ear to their calumny, and they worked upon his passions to that degree, that he resolved to murder the unfortunate princeling. Accordingly he set out to perpetrate the horrid deed, accompanied by three of his courtiers, and a number of armed men.

Donna Ignez at this time resided in Coimbra, in the palace of Santa Clara, where she passed her time in the most private manner, educating her children, and attending to the duties of her domestic affairs.

The prince, unfortunately, was abroad on a hunting

party when the king arrived. The beautiful victim came out to meet him, with her two infant children, who clung about his knees, screaming aloud for mercy. She prostrates herself at his feet, bathes them with tears, and supplicates pity for her children, beseeching him to banish her to some remote desert, where she would gladly wander an exile with her babes.

The feelings of nature arrested his arm, just raised to plunge a dagger into her breast. But his counsellors urging the necessity of her death, and reproaching him for his disregard to the welfare of the nation, he relapsed into his former resolution, and commanded them to dispatch her! at which they rushed forward, regardless of the cries of innocence and beauty, and instantly struck off her head.

Soon after the above transaction the prince arrived; but, alas! found those eyes that were wont to watch his return with impatience, closed in death. The sight of his beloved Ignéz weltering in gore filled his mind with distraction, and kindled every spark of revenge within his soul. In all the agony of rage, he called aloud on the avenging hand of heaven to punish those monsters who deprived him of all he held dear upon earth.

As soon as her remains were interred, he put himself at the head of an army, who sympathized with his distress; they carried fire and sword through the adjacent provinces, and laid waste the estates of the murderers. The royal troops could not oppose them; they fled at the appearance of the gallant avengers of innocence. But the king, wretched man! could not fly from himself; the cries of his grand-children still echoed in his ears, and the bleeding image of their unfortunate mother was constantly before his eyes. Death at length commiserated his situation, and he expired full of repentance for his accumulated crimes. He was an undutiful son, an unnatural brother, and a cruel father.

The prince now ascended the throne, in the thirty-seventh year of his age. He no sooner obtained the power, than he meditated to revenge the death of his beloved Ignéz. The three murderers: namely, Pedro Coello, Diogo Lopez Pacheco, and Alvaro Gonsalvez, had fled into Castile, previous to the death of the late king. The prince ordered them to be tried on a charge of high treason, and

being found guilty, their estates were confiscated. Next he contrived to seize their persons, by agreeing with the king of Castile, that both should reciprocally deliver up the Portuguese and Castilian fugitives who sought protection in their respective dominions. Gonsalves and Coello were accordingly arrested, and sent in chains to Portugal; Pacheco escaped into France.

The king was at Santerem when the delinquents were brought to him; he instantly ordered them to be laid on a pyre that was previously formed, contiguous to which he had a banquet prepared. Before the torch was kindled, and whilst they agonized at every pore under the most lingering tortures, their hearts were cut out, one at his breast the other at his back. Lastly, the pyre was set on a blaze, in presence of which he dined, whilst they evaporated in flames.

Having thus far appeased his insatiable thirst of revenge, he ordered his marriage with Donna Ignez to be published throughout the kingdom; then her body was taken out of the sepulchre, covered with regal robes, and placed on a magnificent throne, around which the ministers assembled, and did homage to their lawful sovereign.

After this ceremony, her corpse was translated from Coimbra to Alenbaga, with a pomp hitherto unknown in the kingdom; though the distance between these two places is fifty-two miles, yet the road was lined on both sides all the way, with people holding lighted tapers. The funeral was attended by all the noblemen and gentlemen in Portugal, dressed in long mourning cloaks; their ladies also attended, dressed in white mourning veils.

The cloud which the above disaster cast over the mind of Don Pedro was never totally dispersed; and as he lived in a state of celibacy the remainder of his life, agreeably to his vow, there was nothing to divert his attention from ruminating on the fate of his beloved spouse. The impression her death made on him was strongly characterised, not only in the tortures he inflicted on her murderers, but also in all the acts of his administration, which from their severity, induced some to give him the appellation of Pedro the cruel; by others he was called Pedro the just; and upon the whole, it appears that the last title most properly appertained to him.

THE IMPORTANCE OF TITLES.

AN American gentleman, travelling lately thro' Germany, was treated with much *hauteur* in some of the Electoral States, where no person is treated with respect, who is not decorated by a title. He at once converted their intolence into submission, and passed triumphantly thro' the other parts of his tour, by inscribing on his card the title of "ELECTOR OF WILMINGTON!"

MILITARY ANECDOTE.

GENERAL DESAIX was the French officer who met the Archduke Charles to treat of the surrender of Kehl. The prince hesitated to subscribe the articles. "If you refuse," said Desaix, "I shall make my last stroke!"—What is that?" asked the Archduke "I shall set the matches to the mines, and blow up your camp and my own!" The prince trembled and signed the articles. Desaix was invited to dinner with the Archduke. At the desert, Desaix said, "Well prince when shall we have peace? when shall we embrace?" I desire it: as much as you, (replied the prince,) "If it depended solely on me, It would not be far removed."—"When peace is made," (said Desaix) "I shall go to combat the CARTAGINIANS," fixing his eyes on the two English commissaries, who were present.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE BLACK CHARAIBS IN THE ISLAND OF ST. VINCENT,

BY SIR WILLIAM YOUNG.

THE Island of St. Vincent, at the time of its discovery, was peopled by Red Charaibs, apparently from the

South American continent. In 1675, an African slave-ship was wrecked on the coast of Bequia, about two leagues from St. Vincent's; and most of the negroes got safely to the shore. The Charaibs, accustomed to fish thereabouts, and finding these negroes in distress for water, took them into their canoes, carried them to St. Vincent's, and made slaves of them: but afterward, apprehending danger from their multiplication, they came to a resolution of putting to death all the male children of the blacks. This occasioned an insurrection of the negroes, who massacred a great many Charaibs, and fled with their wives and children, and as many red women as they could compel to follow them, into a mountainous district on the north east side; where (having been joined from time to time by refugee slaves from the neighbouring islands) their descendants still form an independent horde, known by the name of the Black Charaibs.

In 1763 the island of St. Vincent, on which the French had made some scattered settlements, was ceded to Great Britain: but it was soon found that the industry of missionaries, and the courtesy of the French, had made advantageous impressions on the Charaibs, who continued to resort to Martinique for the supply of their wants, and to keep up something like an alliance with the French governor. With the progress of the British plantations, it became an object to the planters to occupy lands which were in possession of the Charaibs. Some adventurers attempted to introduce a system of private purchase; but this was reprobated as incompatible with the just pretensions of government, which was insufficiently attentive to resist injustice in its officers.

Captain Quinland, commanding an armed sloop, August 24, 1769, fell in with 4 large canoes, loaded with kegs of ammunition, and with about 20 armed Charaibs in each, midway between St. Lucia and St. Vincent's. Captain Quinland made signal to bring them to. The four canoes rowing forward together, and himself having only nine men on board, he made signal for one only to approach at a time; but they all persisting to advance, he fired a shot, which they immediately returned with musquetry, and

rowed on as with intent to board him. He fired again, and sunk one of the canoes. The Charaibs swam on with their cutlasses in their mouths; he continued firing, and successively sunk the four canoes. And of the nine who composed his crew, two being killed and one wounded, and having only six men to resist the numbers who came attempting with their cutlasses to scale the sides of his vessel, he made sail away, and in his affidavit of the transaction, states his belief, that the whole of the 80 Charaibs must have perished in the sea.

This fatal event could not but excite new and strong animosities: the dark spirit of revenge stalked abroad, and was ready to aggravate hostilities, when occasion should offer.

In this way, a spirit of incurable hostility has been gradually generated between the black natives and the English colonists, which has of late exploded in alarming violence; and such enormities have been committed by the Charaibs that 'the sole alternative remains of the whites or the Charaibs being removed from the island.'

This idea, has been adopted by the government; and orders are said to be given to remove these hostile and uncivilized people to the little island of Rattan in the Gulph of Honduras. How this will be effected we are yet to learn.

THE DECLINE OF BIGOTRY.

AN instance of toleration, which has occurred at Spree, in Prussia, deserves to be recorded. In consequence of the destruction of the Lutheran church, the Calvinists have indulged the Lutherans with the use of their own church. The two sects now assemble, with their respective preachers, at different hours, in the same church. On Thursday, in Passion Week, the Calvinist preacher was suddenly taken ill; and at the request of the congregation, the Lutheran preacher did duty for him on Good

Friday, and Easter-day; and some other days; after which, the Calvinists sent for a minister of their own. Both parties, Lutherans and Calvinists, attended the funeral of a Calvinist citizen, and have thus afforded us sufficient ground to believe, that the difference of religious opinions, between these two sects, will be no longer thought of so much importance as Christian love and mutual benevolence.

W. F.

SNAILS,

A DELICATE AND WHOLESOME LUXURY:

RECOMMENDED BY AN ENGLISH WRITER TO HIS COUNTRYMEN.

WE will mention an animal production, which, if prejudice were not a tyrant, would do more towards the relief of the poor, especially in the country, than any thing or all that has yet been recommended to their notice; we mean the SNAIL; the wholesome and nutritious qualities of which are well known, and which is eaten, as an article of luxury, in other countries; particularly in Spain, where the soup of snails is considered as a delicacy.

Some years ago, a gentleman who had lived much in Spain, and who had in course enjoyed its soup, brought a colony of Spanish snails with him to England, and planted them near Banstead in Surry; where they increased and multiplied, so as to be found plentifully, at this time, in the inclosures of that neighbourhood. They are of the *HELIX* genus—a brown shell snail, much resembling the garden snail of this country; which, as well as the slugs that infest the fields, would doubtless be found equally palatable and nutritious, could the use of them be once established; and the collecting of them would be, at the same time, highly beneficial to the husbandman and gardener.

We cannot omit to add here, a well authenticated anecdote.

dote respecting this article of human food, as it furnishes a case in point, and is, indeed, what induced us to bring forwards these remarks.

During one of the famines to which the Highlands of Scotland were frequently liable, before the use of potatoes was introduced into that remote part of the island, two females who lived together in the same hut, and who were its only inhabitants, being remarked to preserve their sleekness and wonted mien, while their wretched neighbours on every side, were wasting away with famine, superstition promptly suggested that these pampered high-fed dames must have improper dealings. Their hut was in consequence forcibly entered; and its terrified inmates, to escape the fury of their fanatic assailants, gave up their good genius: A CASK OF PICKLED SNAILS!

APHORISMS ON MIND AND MANNERS.

HE, who after a loss, immediately, without staying to lament it, sets about repairing it, has that within himself which can controul fortune.

The youth who can sneer at exalted virtue, needs not wait for age and experience to commence a consummate knave.

He whose first emotion on the view of an excellent production, is to undervalue it, will never have one of his own to shew.

The conscious merit of true ability, never goes further than "I too am a painter."

The hardest trial of the heart, is whether it can bear a rival's failure without triumph.

Him, whom desecrating at a distance, you turn out of the way to avoid, you may call your friend or benefactor, but you do not love.

He who begins life with "Nil admirari," will end it "Epicuri de grege porcus."

The man who, improving in skill or knowledge, im-

proves in modesty, has an undeniable claim to greatness of mind.

Bravely to contend for a good cause is noble—silently to suffer for it, is heroical.

Would a man of rank estimate his real dignity, let him conceive himself in a state in which all rank is abolished.

All professions, it is said, have their mysteries—these are precisely the points in which consist their weakness or knavery.

To choose a good book, look in an inquisitor's prohibited list—to choose a good cause, see which interested men dislike.

There are three sights most detestable:—a proud priest giving his blessing—a knavish hypocrite saying his prayers—and a false patriot making an harangue.

Who says HYPOCRITICAL, says all that is despicable in morals—who says AFFECTED, says all that is odious in manners.

Columbus steering steadily westward for a land seen only by the eye of his reason, was one of the greatest of human characters—a projector obstinately ruining himself in pursuit of a visionary scheme, may be one of the foolishest, but certainly not of the lowest.

Thoroughly to try a man's patience, he must have the labour of years consumed before his eyes in a moment: thoroughly to prove it, he must instantly begin to renew his labour.

The woman of sensibility, who preserves her serenity and good temper, amid the insults of a faithless, brutal husband, wants nothing of an angel but immortality.

The woman who rises above sickness and poverty combined, may look down upon the noisy heroism of kings and generals.

Better be moved by false glory, than not moved at all.

Nothing is such an obstacle to the production of excellence, as the power of producing what is pretty good, with ease and rapidity.

As reasonably expect oaks from a mushroom bed, as great and durable products from small and hasty efforts.

Every work of great genius, and every work of great care and industry, will have its value; but mediocrity, with negligence, gives products of no value at all.

N. N.

MATHEMATICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE AMERICAN UNIVERSAL
MAGAZINE.

SIR,

BY giving a place to the two following questions in your next publication you will much oblige a subscriber. The first particularly, is humbly addressed to the mathematical professors in all our neighbouring colleges: it is of the utmost importance, as it leads to a solution of the greatest difficulty in natural philosophy, and has been frequently attempted in different universities on this continent, without success.—The latter though equally intricate is not so interesting.

Yours,

A. Z.

QUEST. XXI. SUPPOSE the earth, instead of its present diurnal motion, to revolve round any diameter of the equator (the said diameter being at rest) it is required to determine the momentum of rotation, respect being had to its true figure?

QUEST. XXII. The sun in the vernal equinox, the moon 12 deg. 10 min. from the ascending node and the place of the node 17 degrees, in Gemini, it is required what part of the earth will have the highest TIDE at that time, the inclination of the lunar orbit being five degrees?

If you have room for the following you will please to insert it, as it will amuse some of your correspondents.

QUEST. XXIII.—BY A CHANDLER. Of all the candles of the same weight, and equal materials, that ever can be, or was made, to determine the length and diameter of THAT ONE, which shall last the longest burning?

E 3.

POETICAL EFFUSIONS,

For the American Universal Magazine.

MR. EDITOR,

THE following lines abound with faults and imperfections, and were they to be tried by the rules of criticism, not one of them would stand the test; nevertheless, I am induced by the high opinion I entertain of your candour to submit them to your inspection—the only excuse for their demerits which I can offer (and I am fearful that will be deemed insufficient) is, that they were written before their author had attained his sixteenth year.

L I N E S

WRITTEN NEAR THE RUINS OF AN ANCIENT
CASTLE IN ENGLAND.

WHILE viewing o'er the wild, romantic scene,
Of hill and dale, of groves and fertile lawns,
Rich plains and barren moors, cast all around
In sweet confusion—Lo! the frowning tower's
Of gothic castle o'er the lofty trees,
High swelling (tho' of ruin's dire effects
A stern memorial) meet th' attentive eye!
And as it gazes on the form majestic,
O'er the rapt soul soft steals a solemn awe;
No trifling thought athwart the idle brain,
Dare wing his giddy flight: each passion's still;
And all to peace and contemplation's hush'd---

Hail thou rude fabric! hail thou awful pile!
That firmly seated on the rock's tall brow
Dost brave time's ravages! Thou sitt'st on high
Like some proud king whose voice or only nod,
To slavish vassals deals out life or death!
At thy stern aspect nature seems to quake,
The humble cot its baskful head withdraws,

Shrinks to the shade. Above the vulgar throng ;
 High thou aspirest : to the brutal rage,
 Of jarring elements with fury pitiless
 Contending, yet exposed---The howling blast
 That tears thy battlements, and madding storm
 Fly o'er the lowlier cottage unperceived,
 Or gently sighing, murmur it to rest !
 The sudden change of fortune while I traced,
 The wild vicissitudes of dubious fate,
 Which now exalts, and now (the wretch secure,
 Basking in favours,) hurls to deep distress,
 Methought some hoary swain whose snowy beard
 Trail'd o'er his trembling staff with fault'ring step
 Approach'd the spot, and thus he spake :
 " Tho' now this dome no lordly matter knows---
 " Tho' the rude hand of time its noble form,
 " And beauteous symmetry, has much defac'd ;
 " Tho' o'er the arch, where oft the fiery steed,
 " Anxious for glory, champ'd the flowing rein,
 " Or spurn'd the yielding ground--where oft the troop
 " With arms refulgent, glitt'ring to the sun,
 " Has sallied forth to meet the daring foe,"
 The mantling ivy twines in close embrace,
 Tho' stately columns and the breathing busts
 Of patriot chieftains, whom their country's weal
 Urg'd to the contest, whose victorious arm,
 Sustain'd its freedom 'gainst the fierce attack
 Of tyrant pow'rs--lie here and there defac'd.
 Tho' o'er the broken stones that crumbling stand,
 And threaten death to the too-daring eye,
 The hoary weeds have crept ; tho' gaping chasins,
 And mould'ring masses now impede the path.
 Tho' the dread adder and the venom'd toad,
 In gloomy caves, one long continued night,
 Here unmolested sleep, the midnight owls,
 And croaking ravens, (fate's dire messengers !)
 Whose hideous notes fright superstition's ear,
 Remain sole sovereigns of this once-fam'd place,
 Save when the beggar destitute of home,
 In this lone dwelling spends the stormy night,
 To sooth her weeping babes ! tho' undisturb'd,
 Here silence holds his solemn court, save when
 With hollow blust'ring voice, th' intruding winds
 Howl o'er the batter'd walls, or 'gainst the beach,
 When the hoarse billows dash (the seaman's cry
 In yawning surge overwhelm'd) tho' now but faint,
 The 'semblance of its ancient state this pile,
 Whose noble form tho' ruin'd and despoil'd,
 The wand'ring eye arrests, and claims the tear.

Of pity, mingled with an inward dread,
 Much brighter days once witness'd ! Here alas,
 Victorious chiefs once held their pompous court,
 Amid the blaze of pageantry—when peace,
 Sweet dove-eyed peace smil'd on the happy scene
 When hospitality, pure, uncorrupt,
 Unclogg'd by rule open'd wide the pond'rous door,
 And hail'd each joyful guest, when val'rous knights,
 In tilt or tournament with active feats,
 For the high prize of beaut's smiles contend :
 When the luxurious banqueted delight,
 And mirth and gladness crown'd the festive board,
 Then oft these thatter'd long deserted halls,
 The heart-enliv'ning strain re-echoed far
 The jocund dance, the sprightly jest and song:
 When the rude minitrel plied his sov'reign art,
 To soothe the canker'd soul or raise the fire
 Of vig'rous youth to deeds of martial glory.
 And oft it knew the cruel rage of war,
 When from the battlements his brazen trump
 The centry blew—when from these mould'ring tow'rs,
 The thund'ring cannon hurl'd tremendous death,
 Then in full strength it mock'd the vain assault
 And baffled foes retreated from its walls,
 Till in one sad, one long lamented night,
 The watchful foe with fatal caution stole
 On th' unguarded hour. In the trophied halls
 Where joy and pleasure held their thoughtless reign,
 Fell monster Slaughter with his demons stands !
 Nought now is heard, save horrid clash of arms !
 The cries of wounded ! now a female shriek,
 Pierces the air tumultuous, in the yells
 Quick drown'd of victor o'er the vanquish'd !
 And now a solemn pause more dreadful far,
 " Succeeds the deaf'ning tumults—now behold
 " The flaming torches climb the highest roof,
 " These fragments falling spread destruction round,
 " Till one vast ruin finishes the woe."
 While pond'ring o'er this sad affecting scene,
 What tho' my breast with big emotions swell,
 What tho' the half-suppressed sigh escape,
 Let not the thoughtless mock the falling tear,
 Nor laughing Scorn her scoffing finger point,
 But let it mark the sympathizing mind
 And sign of sensibility be deem'd.
 O Vanity ! see here thy empty form,
 Not painters art thy portrait could have drawn.
 With truer skill or mix'd the glowing tints,

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So well thy pride and emptiness to shew—
Ambition see and blush! ye proud and great,
Conceal your heads abash'd. This pile like you
(How sad the contrast now) in beauty's pride
Once smil'd disdainful, once with honor crown'd
Upon the humble vale he scornful smil'd,
Tho' he like you bore high his lofty crest;
Yet even he must yield to sov'reign time,
Whose undermining hand, the lofty dome
Lays with its kindred dust: nor vainly hope
Proud man! that he who conquers all, nor spares
The good and virtuous, his venom'd shafts
At thee will vainly aim.—No! (treach'rous thought)
His powerful arm shall snatch thee from thy throne,
And pluck the wreath from off thy daring brow,
Shall cancel all thy deeds of fam'd renown,
To dark oblivion shall consign their name,
Nor leave one relick of thy vanity!

JUVENIS.

TO THE MEMORY OF
CAPTAIN JACOB CHEESEMAN,

(Of the New York forces); who fell at Quebec, December 31,
1775.

IN yon deep gloom, yon dreary cavern'd cell,
Where dark'ning clouds the solar ray repel;
Whose craggy roofs the notes of woe rebound,
And mournful echo lengthens out the sound:
Where melancholy makes her ceaseless moan,
And sorrow's queen erects her ebon throne,
There, on the breast of wounded peace reclined,
See sacred Liberty to grief resign'd;
The robes which commerce gave, with every fold
In-wrought with gems and shining streaks of gold;
The melting viol, high strung harp and lute,
Inverted copia, and harmonious flute.
Now all neglected strew the dusty floor,
While hollow winds throughout the caverns roar,
'Midst all these horrors see the friendly pair,
With fond endearments soothe each others care;
Kindly by turns relate their own distress,

And by imparting make the burden less;
 "As summer breezes soft, spoke dove ey'd Peace,
 Forbear those sighs, and let those 'plainings cease,
 When I am driven by proud ambition's train
 To seek for refuge on some distant plain,
 Where gentle shepherds no distinctions know,
 And love and freedom, undivided grow;
 Thy cause, AMERICANS, will still maintain,"
 And rather die than damp thy glowing flame.
 This roused the fair, and starting from the ground,
 Her burbling sorrows knew no check nor bound;
 "Heart-rending thought," the weeping Seraph cry'd,
 "For me already have they bled and dy'd;
 E'er yon bright sun his last sad circuit roll'd,
 Within those walls the doleful tale was told.
 Here did the swift wing'd messenger proclaim,
 That on Quebec's ill fated, hapless, plain,
 The pride of Mars,—Montgomery was slain,
 And by his side, the young M'Pherson fell,
 Whose praises weeping graces fondly tell;
 For on his mind the beams of science shone,
 And smiling beauty claim'd him for her own.
 Not distant far, young Cheeseman met his fate,
 And o'er his corse death's train in triumph sat.
 Ah cruel death! could ought thy power controul,
 The graceful form, the true heroic soul.
 Where strength with courage, truth with sweetness
 blend,
 To form the soldier, brother, son, and friend.
 Could'st thou insatiate—by less worth been fed,
 Cheeseman had not been numbered with the dead."
 She ceased, the vaulted roof with lengthened sighs re-
 sound.
 And deep-felt darkness spread its horrors round;
 Not long it reigned for o'er the snow-capt hills,
 A form appears, that every vacuum fills
 With streaming light,—'Tis Fame, whose vivid breath,
 Bids heroes triumph o'er the power of death;
 Swift as she moves, the rising mists retire,
 Darkness draws back to wonder and admire.
 To Sorrow's cave, a-air she speeds her way,
 And sounds her trump, and darts a sudden day;
 The cheering peal calls forth the mournful bands,
 And sable'd Liberty attentive stands.
 Peace for a moment drops her speeding wings,
 While thus the tuneful messenger begins:
 "Majestic mother of the brave! from far,
 Where Mars now reigns in all the pomp of war,

In pity to thy anguish'd breast I came,
To render justice to thy Cheefeman's name;
Not swell'd with rage he sought the dreadful fight,
But rushed on danger, to secure thy right;
Thy rays to spread throughout his native land,
Or death prefer to dire oppression's band.
But lest too long he should the contest see,
The word went forth to let his spirit free,
The powerful word his eager hopes repel,
And on the ground the graceful champion fell,
Yet strove to rise, while life's rich current past.
Nor groan'd, 'till in death's arms he groan'd his last.
His spirit floated on the crimson tide,
And as he liv'd, the much loved hero died."

With matchless grace, the goddess raised her head,
And Grief discarded, to her cavern fled.
The crystal sluice in either eye was dry'd,
"Enough!" the balmy breathing seraph cried:
"Resume thy song, and let thy trump, Oh! Fame,
Spread wide the honours of each hero's name.
O Peace! once more thy heavenly pleasures bring,
And save the world from discords poisoned sting;
Bid parent states their rage for power controul,
Nor form a wish to bind a free-born soul;
Then shall their sons in due obedience move,
And acts of duty flow from heart-felt love."
Fame clapp'd her wings, and to her lips applied
The silver trump which now had graced her side;
High as she soars, the warrior's praises sounds,
The herds all listen and the wild deer bounds;
To each shrill note the vocal hills reply,
And floating æther bears it through the sky.

PHILOPAIDEIAS.

ODE TO SPRING.

HAIL joyful Spring! thou season of delight,
Whose varied charms give pleasure to the sight;
Bid low'ring Winter from the scene retire;
Nor dare to clothe the Heav'ns in black attire.
No more the hills with fleecy snow are crown'd;

The streams no more in icy fetters bound—
 The trees no longer bend beneath the weight
 Of hoary flakes of snow or frozen fleet.
 Ah, no! the iron age of Winter's past,
 The groves now bud, nor fear the killing blast:
 The fertile earth her bosom now resigns
 To Phœbus' darting rays and southern winds:
 The meads refresh'd with soft descending show'rs,
 Are painted o'er with odoriferous flow'rs:
 The gentle Zephyrs waving o'er the hills,
 Enter the vales, and play on curling rills.
 The feather'd warblers rise at early morn,
 And as they upwards by their wings are borne,
 With joyful notes salute returning spring;
 And make the azure vault of Heav'n to ring!

M. J. S.

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE,

SUBMITTED TO A REVEREND PARSON ON HIS NAR-
 COTIC EXPOSITION OF

"WATCH AND PRAY."

BY our Pastor perplexed,
 How shall we determine?—
 "Watch and pray," says the text,
 "Go to sleep," says the sermon.

EPIGRAM

ON A SCHOOLMASTER WITH ONE HAND.

THO' nature thee of thy *right hand* bereft,
 Right well thou *writest* with thy hand that's *left*,